

THE BANNER.

[WEEKLY.]

Vol. III. Abbeville C. H., S. C. April 8, 1846. No. 6.

Advertisements
WILL be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents for each continuance—longer ones charged in proportion. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
For advertising Estrays Told, TWO DOLLARS, to be paid by the Magistrate. For announcing a Candidate, TWO DOLLARS, in advance.
All letters or communications must be directed to the Editors, postage paid.

New Terms.
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, if paid within three months from the time of subscribing, or TWO DOLLARS after that time. No subscription received for less than six months; and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editors. Subscriptions will be continued, unless notice be given otherwise previous to the close of the volume.

(FOR THE BANNER.)
GOOD FOR EVIL.

Mr. Editor:—Not many years since, as one of the noble sons of Kentucky, was travelling in the lower part of this State, he called at a house with the expectation of passing the night, but was soon told that he could not stay. He then inquired how far he would have to travel before he could be accommodated? seven miles was the reply. With a sorrowful heart, and a tired horse, he rode off in a torrent of rain, for the house to which he was recommended, and on reaching it, quickly received the unwelcome news that he could not stay—he insisted and remonstrated again and again, but all to no purpose, for the heart he addressed appeared to be cased in steel. Finding all of his entreaties unavailing, he ventured to ask if there was any place where he could possibly stay, to which interrogation he received the following answer: "A gentleman of immense wealth, and considerable distinction for his talents, resides but a few miles distant, precisely in the direction you are going, and it is quite probable you can pass the night there."

The forlorn traveller again set out, wondering to himself, if any of the inhabitants could have descended from Marion or Sumter, or from any of the heroes and patriots of the revolution, whose memory are as durable as the hills and vallies over which our beloved country extends.

If the gentleman of wealth and distinction, could have felt the force of the annexed lines, the generous Kentuckian would have received a hospitable welcome.

"The stranger's heart, oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land,
The voices of thy kindred band;
Amidst them all, when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart."

But such we regret to say, was not the case, as we shall soon show. On leaving the second house, at which he had been repulsed, he groped his way through the dark, until he came in sight of the mansion of the wealthy gentleman already adverted to, perceiving by the lights in the house, that the family had not retired, although it was then late, he flattered himself with the hope of being permitted to remain there until the next morning.

When he arrived at the gate he met with a negro boy, and inquired of him his master's name; on being told, he requested of the boy, to know of his master, if he would permit him to pass the night there; the boy went and soon returned with the heart rending intelligence, "Master says you cannot stay." "Go tell your master, to be kind enough to step out here, as I have some important business with him." The boy went and was soon back again in the name of his master, to know what the business was. "I cannot tell you, I must see him," was the reply. The gentleman then, reluctantly put on his cloak, and took his umbrella, and went to meet the intruder, as he was pleased to call the traveller. The Kentuckian then addressed him as follows: "Sir, I am a stranger—I have been travelling all day—both my horse and myself, are greatly fatigued—I have been refused admittance in two houses, and now I will be a thousand times obliged to you, if you will allow me to stay here."

"You cannot stay," was the sharp reply. The stranger resumed,—"Sir, I wish to put you to no trouble, hungry as I am, I will ask for nothing to eat, but if you have an out house, that will shelter me from the falling rain and piercing winds, and will allow me to occupy it the balance of the night, my heart will overflow with gratitude for such an act of kindness." "You cannot, you shall not remain," was the indignant answer of him, who was "dressed in a little brief authority," turning short round at the same time and walking back into his palace.
As the thrice disappointed man rode

slowly away, he fully concurred in opinion with the poet,—

"O, I have lived through keenest care,
And still may live through more—
We know not what the heart can bear,
Until the worst be o'er."

What became of the stranger the remainder of that night, we are not informed, it is sufficient to state, however, that in due time, he reached his home and family in safety.

A few years after this occurrence, the rich Carolinian, concluded to travel to the west with his family. He accordingly set out, and progressed finely until he had travelled some distance into the State of Kentucky, when late one afternoon, in crossing a bridge, one of his carriage wheels broke down, and he was unable to proceed further. He then directed one of his servants to hasten on, and ascertain where they could pass the night. In going a half mile, the servant came to a house, and informed the owner what had occurred—his masters name, and where he was from. The gentleman told him without hesitation that he could stay, and that he would forthwith send his carriage for his master and family, and his wagon for the broken carriage. The servant hastened back with the joyful intelligence, and added, that he had no doubt, from the appearance of the gentleman, that he would comply with all that he had promised. Among other things, he told the servant, that he had a carriage shop convenient, and would have the wheel repaired by ten o'clock next day. The elated Carolinian congratulated his better half on their good fortune in a strange land. In a few minutes the carriage came, and conveyed the gentleman and his family to the door of a very neat and comfortable cottage which seemed to say,

"Stay passenger! and though within,
Nor gold, nor glittering gems are seen,
To strike the dazzled eye!
Yet enter, and thy ravished mind,
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold can never buy."

Never were any travellers treated with more kindness and attention than the Carolinian and his family received in the dwelling of this good man. Every thing was cheerful and agreeable, and by the appointed time, next morning, the carriage wheel was mended and ready for the journey. The Carolinian examined it—pronounced it well done, and requested his host to make out his charges. "I charge nothing," was the astounding reply. "Nothing!" rejoined the astonished traveller, "I cannot think of leaving here without compensating you for your trouble; was never treated better in my life, and you charge nothing!" "No sir, not a cent." The Carolinian resumed,—"I must have an explanation—I must know why it is you charge nothing." "Well," said the western gentleman, "as you insist on it, I will make a charge which is this:—I charge you in the name of humanity, that if a traveller should ever call at your house after night, begging to be sheltered, (even in an out house, without anything to eat,) from the pending storm, do not tell him that he cannot, and shall not stay. Sir, I received precisely such treatment from you" (in such a year, and such a day of the month.) "Is it possible you are the gentleman,—I remember the circumstance well," rejoined the confused stranger, "forgive me, and so long as I live, I will never be guilty of a similar act, you have indeed, and in truth, returned good for evil. RURICOLAST."

Used Up.—An editor "out west," thus makes his exit:—

"Dear readers—With this paper ceases the existence of the 'Olio!' Our number is full and complete, and we are a 'busted establishment.' We shall gather up our coat and boots, shave off our whiskers, dun a few interesting specimens of 'patrons' that will pay—in promises, and then we're going for to go to some other field of operation.—It may not be more extended, but it cannot be less!"

Efforts are making towards dividing Iowa, so that it may form two convenient States. The line proposed is the forty-second degree of north latitude.

From the N. O. Courier, 25th ult.
TEXAS.

By the arrival of the Galveston we have received Galveston papers to the 21st inst. They contain little news. The Corpus Christi Gazette of the 12th speaking of that town says:—

"Major John Irving, of the 2d Artillery, remains in command of Corpus Christi and St. Joseph's Island, with a small detachment from the various corps of the Army, for the protection of the government stores at the above places. We understand the company of Artillery, now at St. Joseph's Island, will remain there for the present."

General Houston has delivered an address to the citizens of Houston, in which he avowed his intention to sustain the policy of President Polk relative to the great questions at issue between the two parties.

A new tribe of Indians lately joined the Comanches. They call themselves Congress. They say that they emigrated from the western country bordering upon the Mexican settlements, and that they have never seen any buffaloes. They are at war with the Mexicans and are allied to the Lipans and to a large band of Indians residing in the mountainous country districts near the Rio Grande. They have an immense number of horses and appear to depend chiefly upon these for subsistence. The Comanches treat them with great kindness and appear to be anxious to have them incorporated into their confederacy. The emigration of so large a tribe of Indians from their ancient hunting grounds to a distant country is a singular event in Indian history.

We take the following from the Houston Telegraph of the 18th inst. The information was communicated by a gentleman from Corpus Christi.

Gen. Taylor expected that the whole army would be encamped on the east bank of that river by the 20th inst. The main body of the troops were to march by the inland route, or the old road to Matamoros, and it was supposed the camp would be pitched nearly opposite Matamoros, where there is a high bluff that overlooks the city, and would give the artillery of the army complete command of the place. This point has been, by a singular oversight of the Mexicans, entirely neglected; they have expended large sums to fortify Matamoros, but this bluff, which is several feet higher than the highest point of the city, and is also within cannon shot of the Public Square of Matamoros, has been entirely neglected. Whenever this place is fortified, Gen. Taylor could hold it against even an European force twice as large as his own. The river renders it inaccessible on the west and south, and the eastern and northern sides can be securely fortified by a ditch and embankment, which can be constructed with little labor. It is believed that with half the expense that was incurred at Corpus Christi, a camp can be fortified directly within cannon shot of Matamoros, that will not only command that city, but be more secure than the camp at Corpus Christi.

The Mexicans appear to be totally unprepared to defend any portion of the country on the Rio Grande. Instead of concentrating forces there, as the editor of the Corpus Christi Gazette predicted, they have left that section almost entirely defenceless; and it is believed that it would now be impossible for the Mexican Government to concentrate forces at Matamoros, capable of withstanding even a regiment of American troops.

Speaking of the march of the "Army of Occupation" from Corpus Christi, and the order that no one but those attached to the service should move with it, the Civilian says:—

We understand that the order forbidding persons from accompanying the army has been pretty rigidly enforced, some persons who had violated it by following its march with whiskey to sell to the soldiers having been arrested and sent back in irons, and the barrels containing their liquor broken open and their contents destroyed.

The news from Austin, the seat of government, is to the 11th inst. The proceedings of the Texas Legislature so far are not of general interest.

The Telegraph states that the corn planted this season, in many of the fields in the vicinity of Richmond on the Brazos, is already several inches high. We

hope that some of our Northern friends, while breaking roads through the snow drifts, will think and ponder over this.

Died in Galveston, on the 18th inst., Dr. J. G. W. Mott. The deceased was a native of Alabama and emigrated to that country in 1842, from the State of Louisiana.

FROM YUCATAN.

We have seen letters from Campeachy brought by the Yucateco, which arrived here on Saturday last, which confirm all that had before been said of the willingness of the present Government of Mexico to concede every thing to the demands of Yucatan, and to ratify those treaties, the violation of which led to the alienation of that Department. Mexico is pressing in her eagerness to win back Yucatan; but sensible men are fearful of the stability of the administration of Paredes, and they would have Yucatan disentangled from Mexico, in case the latter country should become yet more involved with foreign powers.

The talk of sending commissioners to the United States—some say, to treat of obtaining our protection; others, of an actual incorporation into our Union. In every respect these letters, which are numerous and late, confirm the intimations which have before been given of the radical disaffection of the Yucatecos from the Central Government of Mexico. Congress meets on the 23d of April, until which time all will be left to conjecture as to the course of this former Department of Mexico.

BRITISH INDIA.

According to the latest authorities upon which we have been able to lay our hands, the total number of European troops in all India is about 31,000 of whom 20,000 are of the regular army, and the residue recruited in Great Britain for the Company's service. This European force is distributed throughout the vast possessions insular and continental of the East India Company.

The native troops in the service of the Company amount, it is believed, to something like one hundred and fifty thousand men. These are composed indiscriminately of *Hindoos* and *Musselmans* mixed up together in the same regiments, and under the command, as to Company officers, of their own people—though superior command is wholly in Europeans, to such an extent that the youngest ensign of the British army takes rank of the oldest Native officer.

These Native troops are brave and faithful. It is a point of honor with Native artillerymen, never to desert their guns. The Cavalry are quite as adventurous as, and much better riders than, the European Cavalry, and take better care of their horses.

The army of Runjet Singh the Chief of the Sikhs was computed by the British authorities some few years ago at 73,000—of which more than one half were Cavalry—they have also a numerous artillery—as was made manifest in the late conflicts.

When it is considered that the region of this contest is far away from supplies—that it is strong in natural features for defence—that it is inhabited by a brave and warlike race, and that the sympathies of all Northern India must be with the Sikhs—and when both Russia and France may possibly see their interest in permitting means to be furnished that may prolong a war so costly and perilous to English supremacy in the East, it does not seem quite clear, notwithstanding the firing of the Park and Tower guns in London over the victory of *Moodkee*—and the vote of thanks in Parliament to the conquerors, that the work is decisive or complete. The next late accounts from India cannot fail to be looked for with great interest.

From Bently's Magazine.

JACK AND JILL.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

TRANSLATION.

"Johannes cum
Amice dum
Hauriat aquam, moutem
Ascendit: Hic
Et ille sic
Prolapsus, fregit frontem.

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.—Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had tried to sound the rivers of Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Greenville had not carried, in 1746, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British Sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet if he had not found the Fairie Queen in his mother's parlor; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Ciambue as he went that way.—*Asiatic Journal.*

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?—Young man, how do you spend your evenings? Answer this question, and we can tell you almost to a certainty, what will be your future character. In our view, more depends upon the manner in which young men pass this season, as it regards their course and conduct in years to come, than upon any thing else. We have been an observer of men and things for the last twenty years, and can point to many a youth, who has caused weeping and sorrow in his family, disgraced his name, and is now an outcast in the world, or has sunk to a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice, when he broke away from wholesome restraint, and spent his evenings in company with the abandoned. On the contrary, we know many estimable young men—the pride of their friends—who are working their way to favor and wealth, who spend their leisure evenings in some useful pursuit.

Young man, listen to us, and take heed to our words—not that we wish to deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any innocent amusement. We entreat you to be particular where and how you pass your hours. If you lounge about the bar-room, partaking of the vulgar conversation that is introduced, and join the ribald song, or stand at the corner of the streets, using profane and indecent language, you will soon habituate yourself to low blackguardism and vile conversation, so that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company.

True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal. False modesty is ashamed of everything unfashionable.

Whenever you feel insulted, before you proceed to gratify your revenge, repeat to yourself: "A well bred man will not insult me, and no other can."

REPARTEE.—"What can be more uncertain than the females?" sighed a jilted lover. "The *maits*," replied the editor of the New Yorker.